

## **Mr V and I** **Astral Travel**

1.  
*Your absence haunts me. It sounds queer,  
I know, but I feel quite chagrined.  
You are intangible as the wind!  
How strange to switch from there to here*

*And then to now so quickly in space  
And time! Death has its privileges.  
We ghosts can move with startling ease  
From age to age and place to place.*

*We fly, as 'twere, on conscious wings—  
Or drift, or float, if minded to.  
Still, hawk-like, I return to you.  
You must have seen some wondrous things.*

### 2. My Travels

*Ah, let me tell you! I have seen  
The tawny Ceylonese sunrise  
Through a tea-planting girl's sloe eyes;  
Have watched the Nile, swift, emerald-green,*

*Surge past the ruins of the sacred  
City that Akhenaten built,  
Muscling a wealth of fertile silt  
Down to the shores where the waves break red*

*And purple beneath dying suns.  
At Alexandria, deep under  
The harbour waves, I've seen the plunder  
Of time, the great stone blocks that once*

*Composed the wonder of the Pharos.  
On high Mount Ida I have stood  
Where Troy's doom burned in the hot blood  
And fateful judgment of young Paris,*

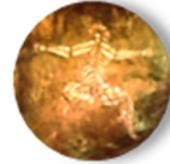
*And watched a Geisha girl in Kyoto  
With exquisite composure pour  
Tea for her warrior paramour  
And pluck sad music from a koto.*



*(In a pavilion on the way  
Down from Mount Fuji I have seen girls  
Make love to girls. This part unfurls  
As a print by Hiroshige.)*



*With the Aborigines I trace  
Song-lines, I join them as they sing  
Into existence Everything  
That IS, and gather it into place.*



*I have seen the Dogon dance delirious  
To honour the completed spin  
Of its mysterious hidden twin  
Around the raging Dog Star, Sirius.*



*I've watched (as strange as this may seem)  
From the moon, with these ghostly eyes,  
A pearl of calmest blue arise  
From darkness like a solid dream,*

*And only slowly recognised  
It as our planet, lone and small  
In the void vastness of it all,  
A fragile thing ah, to be prized!*

*As fragile as blue china, and  
As rare—which how shall we live up to,  
Who drain the tea, and break the cup, too?  
Leaving our stain on sea and land.*

*And sometimes Ruskin joins me there.  
Tears fill his eyes, and the earth-light  
Trembles in them. The rest is night  
And silence, stars and breathless air.*

